



HE MAN THAT WITH NO MUSIC IN HIMSELF, HAS NOT MOVED WITH CONCORD SWEET SOUNDS, IS FIT FOR TREASURES, STRATAGEMS AND SPOILS.

HEINRICH CONRIED has unhesitatingly moved with concord sweet sounds, on his plans for next season for the first time since he was selected to preside over the destinies of the Metropolitan opera house as successor to Maurice Grau.

One point concerns the establishment of a school of opera in connection with the Metropolitan, from which Mr. Conried expects to develop American singers who will be as great artists and as prime favorites as the famous singers of today, without having the exorbitant ideas of the latter on the salary question.

"This school will be opened in September," said Mr. Conried, "and I have as a starting roll four American girls who will, I feel confident, be prepared to sing some of the greatest parts in opera within a few years. In a comparatively short time I think they will stand as high in the estimation of the New York public as now do prima donnas who demand and receive from \$1,000 to \$2,000 per night."

"The high salaries prevalent in America is one of the most pernicious phases of the opera situation. Singers demand twice or five times as much for appearing here as they are glad to accept in Europe. There is no good reason for it—it is unjust to the American public. The salaries paid by Mr. Grau certainly, to my mind, reached the ultimate bounds, but the same artists employed by him are demanding more from me than he paid them. To this I will not submit. I will pay as much as he did, but not more."

"Mrs. Nordica was given \$1,250 a performance last year—now she wants \$1,500. Mrs. Gadsdi does not see why she should accept a cent less than any other soprano."

"Jean de Reszke's figures are the most amazing of all. He called that he would not come unless guaranteed twenty performances at \$4,000 a performance, and unless his brother Edouard is warranted sixty appearances at \$700 for each time he sings. That would mean \$122,000 for the De Reszke family alone—outrageous."

Kocian, the beautiful boy violinist, who so charmed Americans a few months since, has done a genuine eulogium of a novel and sensational order. There is no woman in the case, but there is a rare violin, and, in the end, out of it, Kocian means to have it. The tale, which is redolent of simplicity and romance, is told thus by the Conserger:

"Poor Kocian, to be so romantic! To love a violin, to want it at any price, and to know that it belongs to another, and for that reason it must be locked in its prison, where he may not hear the music of its voice, where he may not feel the throbbing of its soul as he pours his own forth in a burst of melody. Alas! that these things should be. Why must there be collectors? My sympathies are all with the musician, to whom the violin is a living being, instead of a curio, to be kept in a glass case. And it is not that I am not familiar with every breath that the curiosity hunter, the lover of antiquities, draws—I, too, am a sufferer, or, shall I say, an antiquarian?"

"But it is stated that Kocian will be held on a charge of robbery by the owner of the violin."

That is a remarkable story which Ziem, the French artist, formerly the intimate friend of Chopin, has just told of the origin of the latter's "Funeral March." The famous composition was conceived in Ziem's atelier and under circumstances uncanny enough. "Late one afternoon," says the painter, "Chopin and I sat talking in my studio. I spoke of music, and he of painting. Strange, is it not? Artists are very fond of exchanging ideas in this way. In one corner of the room stood a piano, and in another the complete skeleton of a man, with a large white cloth thrown ghost-like about it. I noticed that now and again Chopin's gaze would wander, and from my knowledge of the man, I knew that his thoughts were far away from me and his surroundings. More than that, I knew that he was composing. Presently, he rose from his seat, without a word, walked to the piano, and removed the white cloth. He then sat down at the piano and, seating himself, took the hideous object upon his knees. A strange picture of life and death! Then, drawing the white cloth around himself and the skeleton, he laid the latter's fingers over his own and began to play. There was no hesitation in the slow, measured flow of sound which he and the skeleton conjured up. As the music swelled in a louder strain I closed my eyes, for there was something weird in that picture of man and skeleton seated at the piano, with the shadows of evening deepening around them, and the ever-swelling and ever-soothing music filling the air with mystery. And I knew I was listening to a composition which would live forever. The music ceased, and when I looked up, the piano chair was empty, and on the floor lay Chopin's unconscious form, and beside him, smashed all the pieces, was the skeleton I prized so much. The great composer had swooned, but his march was found."

The melody of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" was reproduced from a solemn

the morning he was able to recall every note of the song, immediately wrote it down and carried it to his friend, Baron Dietrich.

Until the cold gray dawn of yesterday morning the wine cork popped and the festive lobster was served in all his carmine glory at 122 West Forty-fifth street. This was the wedding breakfast of Adah Carlyle and John Hobby, whose bride the soubrette had coyly become.

This wedding caused surprise, because Walsh's secret service heart affair did not create the stir in soubrette world which this one did. Miss Carlyle was looked upon as a confirmed bachelor girl. None of her associates in the "Nancy Brown" company nor those who have known her these many seasons thought that the idea of matrimony ever so much as fitted across her mind.

As for the blushing bridegroom, he confesses to several less years than does his spouse. He was 19 the last time the home folks sent him birthday presents, and the dawn upon his upper lip has not begun to evolve into hair which can stand alone and be noticed.

Mr. Hobby is in the proximity of bankers and brokers daily, though he is a Wall street operator. He says the bulls and bears as they pass before the information bureau of the Waldorf-Astoria. He presides behind the desk. It was not until the information to Miss Carlyle some two weeks ago that he fell into love with her. She confesses that heart fluttering happened to her at the same time.

From that moment until the denouement in the presence of the priest Master Hobby's wooing was fast and ardent. It took the customary form of seats in the front row at the theatre each night, flowers and bon bons sent to the dressing room, cozy suppers after the play, and fervent notes written betwixt miles of answering queries concerning the whereabouts of Mr. Jones of Frisco, Mrs. Lake of Chicago and other guests of his society.

Miss Carlyle would have yielded sooner but for the difficulty of getting Hobby to make an important post-nuptial agreement. This agreement should not in any way permit matrimony to interfere with her artistic career.

Frank Damrosch, the composer, is on both sides of the controversy between the New York City Historic club and the board of education, because he wrote the music for "Right Makes Might," the song that is to be sung by the school children on May 26, in celebration of the 50th anniversary of the founding of the city of New York, and he also furnished the score for "The Song of New York," which failed to please the school authorities, after having been endorsed by the Historic club. John Jerome Rooney, a stock broker, is the author of the words of "Right Makes Might." His verses are considered to be of a higher literary value and to convey more clearly an ethical truth than the lines of Ida Primoff, the 12-year-old Russian girl who wrote "The Song of New York."

Little Miss Primoff's song is considered very creditable for one so young, but objection was made to her tendency to dwell upon the delights of material prosperity to the exclusion of higher ethical considerations.

Meiba, who is returning to England from Australia, is bringing with her a girl harpist for whom she means to stand sponsor and of whose talent she expects great things. The young woman's professional name is Signorina Saccoli. Early in June she will appear at St. James' hall, London, at a concert to be organized by Meiba, when the prima donna expects that her protegee will make a sensation.

Manuel Garcia celebrated his ninety-eighth birthday recently. He was the teacher of Jenny Lind, and the inventor of the laryngoscope (1855), for which the University of Konigsberg made him an honorary doctor of medicine. He lives in London, where he began to teach at the Royal Academy of Music in 1850.

London is still dreaming of subsidized opera and hoping that in some mysterious way parliament may be induced to

PHYSICAL DEFECT OVERCOME BY BOY



Morris Rosenblatt, a pupil of Anton Pedersen, is mastering the violin, although his studies have been taken under conditions which would prove discouraging to most boys of his age. The little fellow is 12 years old and is practically learning to play the instrument backwards. Morris was born with only one thumb, and this fact at one time threatened to prove an obstacle in the way of his playing this instrument. He was eager to learn, but the absence of the thumb of the left hand made it impossible for him to hold the violin and finger the strings. His instructor, after considerable study, solved the problem by making Morris learn to play left-handed. To accomplish this the strings of the instrument had to be changed and the entire anatomy of the violin was changed about. The bow is held with the aid of a loop, through which he puts one finger, the others closing in such a manner that when it is held the fingers are but three fingers on the hand. The little fellow is making rapid progress in his studies and is one of the most diligent pupils under Mr. Pedersen. He is producing a good tone and promises to become one of the best violinists of the city.

The declaration that the gospel must be preached and the proof that there is need of assistance in proclaiming its mission. Between a significant prologue and epilogue come two parts, the first dealing with the life of the Savior and ending with the Ascension, while the second treats of the descent of the Holy Ghost and the work of the apostles at Antioch. This outline sounds promising. There is material here of the kind which Mr. Elgar treats with enthusiasm and the only question is whether he had it in mind long enough to compose it spontaneously.

The Haydn society of Vienna has made the old house in which he died into a Haydn museum. The collection of photographs includes letters of Mozart, Beethoven, Spontini and Cherubini, many musical autographs of Haydn himself, among which are a cantata hitherto unknown, "The Tempest," and the first version of the Austrian National hymn. His old spirit is there, just as he left it. There are also numerous engraved portraits and a porcelain statuette representing him walking. The most interesting piece is a little sheet of music paper on which Haydn on his deathbed wrote a short canon and added the words, "My strength is gone; I am old and feeble. Joseph Haydn."

It is reported that a young musician has found in Gatz a music portfolio inscribed, "Franz to his Anselmo,"

thurian legend, and Senor Albeniz is composing the music. The first music drama of the series is called "Morfin," and that has been completed. The second drama is "Lancelot," and of that the first act is composed. The third opera is called "Guinevere." All these are to be finished before any one is performed. Senor Albeniz wrote a light opera called "The Magic Opal," which was produced in London.

LOCAL CHORDS.
Arthur Shepard is at work on a score for the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Composers want some one to invent a typewriter that will at least simplify the work of writing music.

It is the intention to give J. Lewis Browne, the organist, a reception when he comes to this city. The reception will be in the nature of a musicale.

Friday night has been named as the date for the concert to be given by Miss Emma Ramsey, under the direction of Professor J. J. McClellan.

The Salt Lake Symphony orchestra wants to raise \$1,000 so that it can defray the expenses of four concerts next winter whether the attendance is a paying one or not. The officers of the orchestra are anxious to have each contributed \$100 to such a fund, and efforts will

you know I am well and hope you are the same at this time. As to big families I want to tell you that I have the biggest in these parts bar none. I have only bin married 2 years. I wuz a bachelor until then, this wuz becom mi first luv, mury Siddles, got mad at me in the fall of 73 an marriid a feller bi the name of Jo Doskes, who didn't trete her rite at all, but he did endurin the spring of 91 an so the old luv returned as the pote sez an so I marriid mury after oil, wich by this time she had foreteen childrun of oil sizes an ages the smolliest being one yere oled an about one foot 2 inches hi. Now wot I want to say is that mury's oled son he got marriid yung an he has 8 childrun an her dotter his she got marriid to, an she has 7 childrun an now las week wot does her son henry do but run away with the widdier Jones, at the cross rodez she had nine boys an six gurls bi various marriages, so the upshot is that they are oil livin with me an every 1 of them colls me paw, now wot I want is relief, the feller wot has the post-office here now is a ole bachelor an he has a hairpin an crost eye an nobody aint going to marry him an I say honnor to who honnor is due an help the fambly man as you say an hav sed, if so be as yur watter nex time office mebbe the govt can use me sum other way or you can suggest something, oil I want as I say is relief an I want that quess it makes me enny stronger I mite add that in my fambly there is alsoe six dogs an one of them is the best coon dog in the stait an another is a dandy bur watter nex time you are in the naburhood come aroun an I will sho you the dogs and the childrun an alsoe sum good huntin country as well as the postoffs, so no more at present from yours truly,
BERRY GIDDLES.

Life of (a Literary Curiosity).
Why all this toll for triumphs of an hour?
—Young.

Life's a short summer—man is but a flower.
—Dr. Johnson.

By turns we catch the fatal breath and die;
—Pope.

The cradle and the tomb, alas! how near.
—Prior.

To be far better than not to be.
—Sewell.

Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;
—Spencer.

But light darts speak when mighty griefs are dumb—
—Lancelotti.

The bottom is but shallow whence they come, and the bottom is the common fate of all.
—Longfellow.

Unmingled joys here no man can find.
—Southwell.

Nature to each allots his proper sphere.
—Longfellow.

Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.
—Rochester.

Custom does often reason overrule.
—Armstrong.

And throw a cruel sunshine
—Armstrong.

Live well: how long or short permit to heaven.
—Milton.

Those who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
—Bacon.

Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—
—French.

Vile intercourse where virtue has no place;
—Somerville.

Then keep each passion down, however near.
—Thompson.

Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.
—Byron.

Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay.
—Smollet.

With craft and skill to ruin and betray.
—Crabbe.

Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.
—Milton.

We masters grow of all that we despise.
—Cromwell.

Oh, then, renounce that implacable self-esteem.
—Beattie.

Riches have wings and grandeur is a dream.
—Cowper.

Think not ambition wise because 't is brave.
—Watson.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave;
—Gray.

What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious spirit,
—Willis.

Only destructive to the brave and great.
—Dryden.

What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
—Francis Quarles.

The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
—Watson.

How long we live, not years, but actions tell.
—William Mason.

How lives twice who lives the first.
—Hill.

Make, then, while yet ye may, your God your friend.
—Shakespeare.

Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
—Shakespeare.

The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just.
—Mrs. H. A. Penning.

Doan's Push.
(New York Herald.)
Doan always got to shovin' When yo' walk erlong de street! Doan push, Mr. Man, doan push! Doan reckon dat yo' neighbor Am a place to wipe yo' feet. Doan shove, Mr. Man, doan shove! Doan kinder git believin' Dat vo' is a peachereen. An' yo' heans Somefin like a soup tureen; Kase re worl' it doesn't always Unders'and deas what yo' mean. Doan push, Mr. Man, doan push! Kase re worl' it doesn't always Unders'and deas what yo' mean. Doan push, Mr. Man, doan push! Kase re worl' it doesn't always Unders'and deas what yo' mean. Doan push, Mr. Man, doan push! Kase re worl' it doesn't always Unders'and deas what yo' mean. Doan push, Mr. Man, doan push! Kase re worl' it doesn't always Unders'and deas what yo' mean. Doan push, Mr. Man, doan push! Kase re worl' it doesn't always Unders'and deas what yo' mean.

Good Service.
(Youth's Companion.)
Many good stories have from time to time been told of Rev. Thomas Hunt, the temperance orator, who was a well known figure in the early history of the Wyoming valley.

During the civil war he enlisted and served as chaplain in one of the regiments of infantry raised in the valley.

One day in the midst of a fierce battle a major rode up in front of the regiment, and to his amazement found Father Hunt at the head of the ranks. "Chaplain, what are you doing here?" he asked.

"Doing?" echoed the old minister, briskly. "I am trying to cheer the hearts of the brave and look out for the heels of the cowards."

It was so evident that he was performing both parts of this self-appointed task that the major asked no more questions, but left him to his work.

Git Inter Line Wid de Babies.
(Atlanta Constitution.)

Git in de percussion, believers—it's all ways the foremost what wins; President's kisin' de babies—fetch on de tripplets an twins!

Moses an Aaron, En Je-hos-s-phat, Don't you be hidin' No facin lak dat!

Git inter line, What de babies is at— Git inter line wid de babies!

Den it's in de percussion, believers—en bring all de babies along; On de back er de boss to ole Bammy—Cross, ter he nursery jubilee song!

Moses an Aaron, Napoleon de Five, Sho, be on han' When de big train arrive! Come ter de kisin'— Bless God you alive!

Edible to Him.
(Judge.)

"You say," uttered the fiancée of the vegetarian, "that you could fairly eat me. Now, isn't that contrary to the tenets of your belief?"

"But if you ate me—"
"I should simply be eating a peach." No use talking the most diet isn't the only one that makes the mind active.

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EDWIN H. LEMARE.



Organist of the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg, and formerly of St. Margaret's, Westminster, London, who is to give a concert at the Congregational church on June 1, is admittedly one of the great organists of the world. He will stop in Salt Lake en route to Sydney, Australia, where he is to give recitals in July and August. His compositions are well known here, from his frequent rendition on the tabernacle and Congregational church organs; one in particular, the "Andantino," dedicated to his wife, being a favorite on request programmes. At the approaching concert Mr. Lemare will render one number entirely of improvisation—an unusual and most enjoyable feature of his concerts.

containing the complete score of Schubert's B minor Symphony, of which only a fragment has hitherto been known. Anselmo is evidently Anselmo Huttenbrenner, many of whose poems Schubert set to music. The newly discovered work will be given at Gatz during the coming season.

A new arrangement of Cherubini's overture, "Les Deux Journées," which only a fragment has hitherto been known, Anselmo is evidently Anselmo Huttenbrenner, many of whose poems Schubert set to music. The newly discovered work will be given at Gatz during the coming season.

Professor Bernhard Scholz, the well known Frankfurt composer and director of the Raft conservatory of that city, has written a festival chorus of greeting which is to be sung by the United Male Chorus Singing societies of Frankfurt-on-the-Main on the occasion of the emperor's visit there in June.

F. B. Mooney-Coutte has written the libretto of a trilogy founded on the Ar-

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